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his life of as many fine works as possible. The accumulation of money must not be for him the ultimate object. The complete lack of money, however, is for the artist a calamity; too much money is a catastrophe, and the artist who uses his art solely as a means to make money is a traitor to his profession.

"If our meeting this evening culminates in a definite collaboration, we will be taking the initial and permanent step towards the growth of a great American Art, and no one can measure its future results. And this step will be taken none too soon, as all that we have at present to show to the World as a National expression of grandeur in art is vested in our formidable *grand canyons down-town!* Our collaboration will lead also, I believe, to a better understanding between the artist and financier.

"The business man in the United States often looks upon the artist, and with some reason, as a queer proposition; in many ways incompetent, casual in his affairs, careless as to his responsibilities. The business man has failed to realize that the artist, the real artist, I mean, is constantly pursuing an ever-fleeting ideal of beauty—that he has both vision and wings, and that his inspiration sometimes leads him astray, and that when this has happened he must perforce begin his work all over again.

"On the other hand, the artists have thought, and not without reason, that the business men have considered art too much in the light of ordinary business, the occasion for easy bargains, and that they felt they had discharged their duty towards art by showing a practical interest in the "old masters." The artists have also felt that the "young masters" were somewhat forgotten, and that art as a financial asset to a city or to the nation was not sufficiently recognized.

"In their turn the artists have failed to understand that in presence of all the conflicting movements in modern art the layman is profoundly puzzled and bewildered, and that it is just as difficult for him to know whether he has a real "young master" in hand, as it is for him to be sure he has a real "old master" in his gallery!

"In our collaboration, we may learn from each other, we may learn to appreciate each other, and in working together on this great scheme we will also be working for America.

"If the names of Lorenzo and Cosimo de Medici stand out so brilliantly in the history of Italy, it is because they dearly loved their own city of Florence, and because they devoted a great part of their energy and fortune to its embellishment, and because they were able to win for that purpose the collaboration of the choicest genius of their time!

"I feel that I can safely say that the financiers, promoters and artists connected with "New Versailles" can feel pride to know that they are adding lasting fame to their names, and the satisfaction to reflect that they are at the same time being useful to their country."

* * *

LES VISITEUSES

Translated from *Le Figaro*

Without doubt it is because the days are so short at this melancholy period of the year that I sank back like an old man before my writing-

desk—what wonder? Four o'clock has not struck, yet the daylight that comes in at my window has insensibly faded away, weak and gray. In my room the objects appear more vague—little by little they lose their form, and one might say their solidity—they are no more than shadows. Yet one hesitates to get up and replace by artificial light the rays of the sun, long disappeared. Almost like a superstition—you have a sort of fear that the day has quickly and traitorously departed and the night come on. You wait, you give yourself reason for waiting—one is better off thus—one can indulge in reverie. I will see in the deepening twilight things which have remained twilighty in my thoughts. And truth is, simple and humiliating as it may be, that one dozes, like an old workman, worn out and sleepy on a bench.

This annihilation of my consciousness no doubt lasted but some moments. When I awaked in the almost complete obscurity, two women were seated before me—one rather vulgar in appearance, but still healthy and young—or rather, I should say well-preserved in spite of some signs of the outrages of years. For the other, she appeared to have attained the supreme degree of physiological misery—and modesty itself forbids me to describe the infamy one read in her visage. It was this one who spoke:

"I was so beautiful—alas," said she, "formerly." "You are not the Republic, however?" I asked her. "No," she replied, "but I am Painting, and I come from the 'Salon d'Automne': Behold all that remains of me—regard!—or rather, for pity avert your eyes! That, in the first place, I have lost my charm and then my beauty, there can be no doubt. For some time this misfortune has struck me. I commenced by anæmia—I had pale colors, dear sir! To renew my complexion I don't know what they injected into my veins—some poison, no doubt—some fatal poisonous stimulant. The fact is that I now have the air of a rotten mass. I am no longer pale, but green, yellow, blue, red and violet—just like an abscess. And I have a disease of the bones, nothing is more sure, coxalgies, weaknesses, an incurable Pott's disease. They have spliced my leg to the coxix, or the intestines—my arms to the spinal column at the neck, unless it be to the spine of the back.

"There are people who seek to console me, and perhaps they do it in good faith. If some one had jointed me nearly correctly—I say nearly—there would still be wanting something—muscles, the joints, bulk. When my poor body is decidedly so badly jointed then I don't know how to hold it upright. When they have given my flesh the aspect of a mineral specimen or the effect of the most exceptional animal decomposition, these same people cry out: 'This artist, by a courageous *parti-pris*, makes an abstraction of drawing. But he's a sorcerer, the magician, the mystic of color! Only the ignorant can ignore the ties that attach him to Delacroix.'

"For such is the taste of the day. With the critics, apropos of everything and of nothing, one must invoke the historical evolution. Notice, sir, I do not talk to you of the Cubists. I don't care a farthing for them—they make marquetry and a sort of cabinet-work—not painting. But the others—oh, the others! What have they done with the body of woman—the subtle and luminous flesh of woman?

Themselves they feel their incapacity to render this to our eyes. They no longer dare attempt it. Hence a mass of still life, where oranges look like tomatoes, tomatoes like cucumbers, cucumbers like silk-worms that are sick. These artists are children that stutter—pardon!—the comparison is false—either with defective eyesight or judgment. The ideal for a painter is to be diabetic. Nothing like diabetes to deform the vision—or Daltonian, and to take colors one for another. Then, you win great prizes right off."

The visitor stopped a moment and then went on: "And to think that all this comes from the false idea that one makes progress! What the devil has the idea of progress to do here? A good deal—for almost everything. You are pursued with an idea that one should be always new. But no, sir, no, it is not true—it's our error of logic. To prove this to you I have brought this lady. She holds herself well, does she not? and it's a pleasure to look on her. Well, so to say, she has not changed since the second half of the XVIII century."

The second visitor who heretofore had remained silent, stood up and made a reverence in the ancient mode.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" I asked. "I am," she said, "the French Cuisine."

'She's lucky; she is, truly, she's lucky' Painting continued; "from the day that your ancestors formulated definitely the laws of her art, which they finally carried to perfection, they have never asked her to change. If some foreign poisoners who trade on the ignorance of foreigners wish to change, all men of taste protest. Here is a menu of date 1787. Look, the order of the dishes is the same as to-day. One doesn't commence by the dessert and finish with the fish. One drinks Château Yquem or Madeira after the soup and ends with champagne after a series of Burgundy or Bordeaux. Read in the *Cuisinière Bourgeoise*, printed in 1787, by Jacques Cavalin,

Rue St. Jacques, at the sign of the Golden Lion, the receipt for *bécassines*: "They are served all cooked on the spit, larded, with wine leaves; you do not clean them. Put under them bread to receive what drops, and serve.' Take now the *Cuisinière Bourgeoise* of 1913: 'The *bécassine* should not be cleaned—when stripped of feathers it must be larded, then put on the spit at a wood fire and take care when the juice drops on them.' It is absolutely the same as one and a half centuries ago—and the *bécassine* has not suffered. I would ask no more.

"Consider, too, they have offered new things to the cooks—potatoes, pintades, crones of Japan and I know not what else. But to these new things, unknown before, they apply the same principles, processes, traditions of the old art. They don't try to season with vitriol or cocoanut oil. I demand that they treat me in the same manner. On new subjects and new elements—the old painting. All the old, plus the new! But they don't do that. Notice, I do not defend the *manufacturer* of no matter what school. These put the same sauce to everything and have but one receipt. Your intelligent palates have done this justice. But for all this, you have not gone to eating raw meat. You demand they return to those who know how to cook.

"This is to say: there exists a taste—I will say, a national good sense when it is a question of cuisine. You don't eat red veal or burnt beef, under the pretext that 'this' has not yet been done, and that is a new impression.' Why then, do you accept a figure badly drawn, which seems to have been painted with a juice *de humeur froide*, for this same reason—why? Do you wish me to say why? It is because you don't know anything . . . and you hope it may augment in price. . . . But if it goes down? . . ."

"Zounds!" I cried, "Madame, I have some pictures by Cézanne."

And I put her out of the door.

Pierre Mille

BRONZE

Camels came with copper from the smelters of Ho-nan;
Elephants and junks with tin from down the roaring Straits;
Gold from Tarshish, haply, with the year-long caravan;
Silver from Peru—who knows?—behind the morning gates.

Naked men of metals dart around the vaulting flames
Where the great stone cauldrons glow, and pyres of charcoal burn—
Ancient dark-skinned artists—now we cannot guess their names—
Now we dig to find their relics—sword, and bell, and urn.

From "Chinese Lyrics" by Pai-ta-shun
Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh, Limited.
New York: Scribners.

